

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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PRICE, ONE PENNY.

"REVOLUTION."

AND though ye caught your noble prey within
your hangman's sordid thrall;
And though ye led your captive forth beneath the
city's rampart wall;
And though the grass lies o'er her green, where,
at the early morning's reel,
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—I tell you
that she is not dead!

And though from off the lofty brow ye cut the
ringlets flowing long;
And though ye herded her amid thieves' and felons'
hideous throng;
And though ye gave her felon fare; bade felon
garb her livery be;
And though ye set the oakum task—I tell you that
she still is free!

And though condemned to banishment, ye hunt
her down through distant lands;
And though she seeks a foreign hearth and silent
mid it ashes stand;
And though she bathes her wounded feet where
foreign streams seek foreign seas;
Yet, yet she never more will hang her harp on
Babel's woe-worn trees.

Al, no, she strikes its every string, and bids it
proud defiance swell,
And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks
your banishment as well;
She sings a song that starts you up astounded
from your slumberous seats
Until your heart, your coward heart, your traitor
heart in terror beats.

No song of grief, no song of sighs for those who
perished unrebuked;
Nor yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic inter-
lude;
That Beggar's Opera ye drag out through all its
lingering scenes
Though moth-eaten the purple be that decks your
tinsel kings and queens.

Al, no, the songs those waters hear is not of sor-
row nor dismay;
'Tis triumph song, victorious song, song of the
future glorious day,
That future distant now no more, her prophet
voice is sounding free—
As once of old your Godhead spoke—"I was, I
am, and I will be."

"Will be and lead the nations on, the last of all
their foes to meet,
And on your heads, your necks, your crowns I'll
plant my strong rebellious feet;
Avenger, liberator, judge, red battles on my path-
way hurled,
I stretch forth my almighty arm till it revivifies
the world.

"Ye see me only in the cell; ye see me only in the
grave;
Ye see me only wandering lone besides the exile's
weary wave;
Ye fools! Do I not also dwell where ye have
sought to pierce in vain;
Rests not a niche for me to live in every heart, in
every brain,

"In every brow that brooding thinks, erect with
manhood's honest pride?
Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with
honour's generous tide?
Not every work-shop breeding woe, not every hut
that shelters grief?
For am I not the breath of life that pants and
struggles for relief?

"And therefore will I be a d lead the nations yet
t' air foes to meet,
And on your heads, your necks, your crowns, I'll
plant my strong rebellious feet;
It is no boast, it is no threat, this history's iron
law de rees:
The day grows hot, O Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath
thy willow trees."

—FERDINAND FREILIBRATH.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

WRITES an Adelaide correspondent: Simp-
son's strike is ended, the workers having
been dragged by the Labor politicians, and
the Wages Board of Capitalism is to rule.
A local labor celebrity who has been given
a place on a certain Board "hopes the
Board will sit for six months" because he is
getting a guinea a day for playing a part in
the silly old circus.

A guinea a day for doing the clown busi-
ness and making mock bargains with the
exploiters as to the extent they may legally
rob the people! What a merry old time
some of these chaps are having!

Fifty boys, employed as tin canster
makers, struck work at S. T. Leigh's big
printing works last week. In less than an
hour, the Government had a detachment of
police guarding the printing office; and
when the Sydney Labor Council officers ap-
peared on the scene they were promptly
moved on. Later on, the general manager
intimated that he had decided to blacklist
the strikers for ever. S. T. Leigh's is said
to be linked up with the tobacco trust; and
the boycott against the boys is persisted

in it will be interesting to see if the Labor
Council will have sufficient grit to call out
all unionists working at the printing office
and for the Trust in the tobacco factories.
Action of that sort might even stop the Syd-
ney Sun from publishing.

A serious outbreak of measles and mumps
has occurred among the crew of the slaugh-
ter-ship, the Challenger. A still more seri-
ous outbreak of the dums is playing havoc
with Gregory Wade's Leg-Irons crew.

Wade and Co. are making a mighty effort
to fix the responsibility for the Leg-Irons
Outrage on Jail-Governor Colless—an emi-
nently religious street-preaching official; and
this paper wouldn't be surprised if they
chased him away into the wilderness of Out
of a Job in the same way that Moses used to
shoo off the William Goat of antiquity after
he had fastened the sins of the people on the
said William Goat's unfortunate back.
Moses found it a convenient way of getting
rid of an embarrassing load of sins; and
Gregory Wade seems to think so too. Only
Mr. Colless may not be willing to be the
Angora in this case; and, anyhow, the Goat
Act may not find the crowd quite so credu-
lous in these leg-ironed days as Moses did
what time Pharaoh chased him in a swift
chariot that eventually became waterlogged.

A system that makes motherhood a sin
is responsible for such horrifying crimes as
Sydney gave to the world last week.

This paper has no love for F. Dunleavy;
but, all the same, it holds that the workers
ought to be prepared to blast the bottom
floor out of perdition rather than allow the
mice-owners or any other section of the rob-
ber class to victimise one of their number.

Alban Gee, purveyor of dead meat in tins,
was breathing out legal threatenings
against the striking slaughtermen only the
other day. On Thursday morning it was
the other way about. John Wil-
liam White (who is secretary of the newly-
formed Meat Packing Employees' Union)
told Judge Heydon that he had worked for
Alban Gee's dead meat concern for three
years, and that on Aug. 19 the foreman be-
stowed on him the order of the sack, and
told him he couldn't give him any reason
why the firm had decided that it was up to
him to git. He interviewed the Junior Gee,
who told him he was a (crimson) agitator
and hand-in-glove with the striking slaugh-
termen, and that the Sydney Dead Meat
Preserving Co. wouldn't have the likes of
him about the sanguinary premises. John
William White now asked Judge Heydon to
say that he had been dismissed because he
was a member of a trades union, and to give
him leave to prosecute Alban Gee, of the
Dead Meat Works. Judge Heydon, with
tears in his voice, pointed out that the ap-
plicant had been sacked for other things be-
sides being a unionist (the other things were
not detailed), told the applicant how sorry
he was for him, and then refused to give him
leave to prosecute Alban Gee.

All of which splendidly illustrates how
the middle-class politicians leave loopholes
in their Acts for the Boss to crawl through;
and demonstrates how Laws are not intended
to help the wage-worker.

The industrial workers, sanely organised,
wouldn't go pleading with a member of the
master class for a permit to take Alban Gee
before a court of the master class. They
would just call upon every worker in Alban
Gee's Dead Meat House to refuse to do any
more work whatever for Alban Gee until
full justice had been done to the victimized
unionist. Besides, when the workers are
scientifically organised on revolutionary
lines they won't tolerate either the courts or
the judges of the master class.

John William White, in common with the
majority of the Australian working class,
appears to have overlooked the fact that
Law was made for Property alone, as
Macaulay has very correctly said.

J.H. Auburn: "Very pleased with THE
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. Let us have
plenty of Dels, Simons, Hyndman, Bebel,"
etc.

"I always look for the coming of THE
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST," writes a Mel-
bourne subscriber.

Turkey is fast becoming Christian. Wholly
bankrupt, she is trying to float another
loan. —Newsletter.

The Chinaman profit-maker learns things
from his white brother, and mixes up nearly
as much wild abomination in his pickled
cauliflower as some of our religious factory
owners fling into the cheap jams and pre-
serve they sell to the working class.

"G." tells THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST:
Strolled, the other day, into a Chinese cook-
shop in Campbell-street, Sydney. The pun-
gent smoke of the wood fire contested with a
variety of more acrid odors in assailing my
nostrils, and finally triumphed. Seeing
through the smoke the second cook with
trousers tucked up and both bare feet in a
large globular, gourd-shaped jar, I said to
the boss-cook, my senses revolting still
further at the fancy of foot-ablu-
tions in a cooking apartment: "Whaffor
that feller? No good wash 'em feet,
kitchen." The boss stolidly and reassur-
ingly replied: "No, no; he no wash 'em;
he ples 'em down—pickel." And so, in-
deed, it was, for the jar contained pickled
cauliflower, and the second cook was assist-
ing the steeping—"treading out," no doubt,
in the operation, his own as well as 'his
master's corn."

A lawyer's letter.
"Dear Sir,—I am instructed by Mr.
Blank to collect from you the sum of 6s 8d.
Please bring or post to my office the above
amount, together with my costs as under-
mentioned, before noon on Monday next, if
you would avoid the unpleasantness and
expense of legal proceedings. Yours truly
— "Debt, 6s 8d; costs, 2s 6d;
total, 11s 2d." Only a lawyer could make
6s 8d and 2s 6d figure up to 11s 2d.

Capitalism is Hell for the children.

At Carrington, Newcastle, a little child,
four months old, was starved to death.
The father was out of work, the mother a
picture of wretchedness, and they lived in
abject and squalid poverty. Judge Fitzhar-
dinge sentenced the father to two years'
hard labor, and the mother to three months'
hard labor. But the people who are mainly
and morally responsible for the murder of
that little one and thousands of others be-
sides are Judge Fitzhardinge's own class.

J. D. Fitzgerald told a story the other day
of how W. M. Hughes "used to stand in
the wings of the stage and 'roar' when G.
Rignold was killing lions and fighting bat-
tles to the delight of large audiences." "I
did the roaring for six weeks," Fitz declares
he heard Hughes say. Well, that's exactly
what the strike-breaker is doing now. While
Andy Fisher is killing live lions stuffed with
straw and fighting mock battles, little Bil-
lee stands in the wings and roars—and he's
been roaring quite a considerable number of
years now. It's interesting to remember
that Mr. Fitzgerald himself was the first lion
Mr. Hughes slaughtered. Fitz did his own
roaring on that occasion.

The leader of the British Labor Party de-
clares that he "would pay handsomely to
maintain the Crown." Which means that
Mr. Barnes would make the British work-
ers pay handsomely to maintain the figure-
head of Capitalism, which exploits them.

The War Cry reports that "Staff-captain
Fred Burton has been unearthing some very
distressing cases of want in Newtown."

In other words, Staff-captain Fred Burton
has been unearthing some of the rotten-ripe
fruit of Christian Capitalism.

This paper has been laughing uproariously
ever since it read that Mr. Wade expressed
a wish that the election would be fought on
broad political issues, and that slander would
be avoided. Are leg-irons a broad political
issue, or do they come under the definition
of slander, which Mr. Wade wants to avoid?

Ultra Tory papers in England approve of
the Labor Party's conscription scheme—a
fact which should make the muddiest-
brained oaf in the Labor Party think very
loud.

Frederick Silk, employed by Mrs. Water-
man, [significant name], dairywoman, of
Adelaide, was fined £15 and costs for adul-
terating milk. Twenty-five per cent. of
water had been added. "Is it a common
practice to add water to the milk?" the
magistrate asked. "Oh, yes, the defendant
replied unconcernedly. 'I used to see them
putting water in it every morning.' Adul-
terating the milk means endangering the

lives of the children. And Capitalism is
moral, of course! And Adelaide is the
Holy City, too."

The economic conditions that give us the
wealthy idle also give us the misery-stricken
poor, along with cancer and other vile dis-
eases. Having given us these things, the
wealthy idle next give us special collections,
charity organising schemes, "Sweet Nell"
condescensions—with baskets of oranges and
shoe-buckles of paste for glorifying advt.
purposes. They flaunt before our eyes of
poverty hundreds of thousands of pounds'
worth of their stolen wealth—in order to
raise a few paltry shillings to lessen the
measure of our misery and chloroform us
back into class-unconsciousness.

The entertainment of royalty costs the
British working class each year fully
£2,000,000.

And the workers of Britain waste such a
lot of time singing to the Lord to save the
king that they haven't yet discovered how
they might save themselves and get rid of
that two-millions burden in one swift act.

The British civil list grants Queen Mary
an annuity of £7000 in the event of her be-
coming a widow. A similar grant is made
to the queen mother. The king's sons re-
ceive £10,000 each, with an additional
£15,000 upon their marriage. The Crown
lands last year yielded £563,000 in revenue.

But the wife of the useful worker receives
no annuity when they crucify him on the
Cross of Trade; his mother is given no grant;
and his sons are doomed to lives of wage-
slavery to provide profits and salaries, in-
nuities and pensions, for the useless idle
class, their wives and children.

At a meeting of the Dunfermline (Scot-
land) Parish School Board recently, a Park-
neuk miner was summoned for not sending
a child to school.

The father stated that he had thirteen
children, and asked if he was to send them
to school naked. He had nothing with
which to buy clothing and boots, and if
his girl was not respectable she would be
criticised and looked down upon by the
rest of the scholars. He had worked 124
shifts during the previous month, and a per-
son could not very well keep 13 children on
18s a week.

Mr. Ness (one of the biggest coal mag-
nates of West Fife): It all depends on how
you spend the money.

The Father: You don't need to be ex-
travagant. You try to keep 13 on 11s a
week. (Laughter.) Am I supposed to send
the child to school naked?

The Chairman stated that for one thing
the temperature of the climate was rather
against it. (Laughter.) He thought that
the child would object to go, and the gen-
tleman in blue would object. (Laughter.)

The case was delayed for consideration.

In all the grim tragedy of poverty sur-
rounding that dispossessed worker's life the
middle-class members of the Board could
only see material for coarse, brutal jest-
making.

Broken Hill complains that THE INTERNA-
TIONAL SOCIALIST does not reach there until
the middle of the week; while at Well-
ington, N.Z., the parcel is only being delivered
once a fortnight. The papers are posted in
Sydney every Thursday morning, and should
reach Broken Hill by Sunday's train, while
the Wellington parcel should leave here by
the mail-boat every Saturday. The delays
are the outcome, we guess, of the abomi-
nable sweating system prevailing in the
G.P.O. Readers would do well to note dates
on Sydney and local postmarks, and direct
local p.o. officials' attention to same.

Colonel Vernon, under whose official di-
rection the unskilled workers are being
sweated on the G.P.O. alterations, has just
returned from Java, Thursday Island, and
Port Darwin. He thinks the latter will be
an important military post.

All the use many of these toy-soldier gen-
tlemen have for any part of Australia is to
turn it into a mock military station.
*Failing that, they lay themselves out to
turn it into a huge sweat-shop.

Socialism is ignored only by the ignorant.
While poor criminals go to jail, the rich
criminals go to Europe.

The owners of the machine are wealthy.
Why are not the people owners of the ma-
chine?—Appeal to Reason.

A Red Mark

Through this paragraph, indicating that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED, and must be renewed if you desire the paper to be continued.

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For the purpose of raising money for the Press Fund the International Socialist Club will hold a FAIR, CONCERT, and DANCE in the

Manchester Unity Hall,

On FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1910.

We invite women comrades and friends of all nationalities who will help us by assisting at the stalls or taking part in the tableaux to communicate with the Secretary.

We also ask all friends and sympathisers to send along as soon as possible any gifts or donations in money that they may feel inclined to give. Such gifts and donations should be sent to the Secretary, International Socialist Club, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

F. W. HARRIS, Secretary.

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Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Tuesday, 8—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

Gambling promises the Poor what Property performs for the Rich; that is why the Bishops dare not denounce it fundamentally.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

What Socialists Stand For.

HUMAN life depends upon food, clothing and shelter. Only when these are assured are freedom, culture and higher human development possible. To produce food, clothing and shelter, land and machinery are needed. Land by itself does not satisfy human needs. Human labor gets raw materials and food out of the soil by creating machinery and using it upon the land. Whoever has control of land and machinery has control of human labor, and with it of human life and liberty.

To-day the machinery and the land used for industrial purposes are owned by a rapidly decreasing minority. So long as machinery is simple and easily handled by one man, it does not make its owners so powerful that they can dominate the sources of life of others. But when machinery becomes more and more complex and expensive, and requires for its effective operation the organised effort of many workers, its influence reaches over wider circles of life. The owners of such machinery become the dominant class.

In proportion as the number of such machine owners compared to all other classes decreases, their power in the nation and in the world increases. They bring ever larger masses of working people under their control, reducing them to the point where muscle and brain are their only productive property. Millions of formerly self-employing workers thus become the helpless wage-slaves of the industrial masters.

The more the economic power of the ruling class grows, the less useful does it become in the life of the nation. The overwhelming bulk of the useful work of the nation falls upon the shoulders of the classes that either have no productive property but their manual or mental labor power, the wage-workers—or that have but little land and little machinery outside of their labor power—the small traders and small farmers. The ruling minority is steadily becoming useless and parasitic.

A bitter struggle over the division of the products of labor is waged between the exploiting propertied class on the one hand and the exploited, propertyless class on the other. In this struggle the wage working class cannot expect adequate relief from any reform of the present order from the dominant class of society.

The wage workers are therefore the most determined and irreconcilable antagonists of the ruling class. They are also the class which suffers most from the curse of class rule. The fact that a small number of capitalists is permitted to use all the country's resources and social tools for their individual profit, and to make the production of the rest of our lives the object of their competitive private enterprises and speculations, is at the bottom of all the social evils of our time.

In spite of our organisation of trusts, pools and combinations, the capitalists are powerless to regulate production for social ends. Industries are largely conducted in a planless manner. Through periods of feverish activity the strength and health of the workers are mercilessly undermined, and during periods of enforced idleness the workers are frequently reduced to starvation.

The climax of this chaotic system of production are the regularly recurring industrial depressions and crises which paralyse the nation every 15 or 20 years.

In its mad and reckless race for profits the capitalist class is bound to exploit the workers to the very limit of their endurance and to sacrifice their physical, moral and mental

welfare to its own insatiable greed. Capitalism keeps the masses of workingmen in poverty, destitution, physical exhaustion, and ignorance. It drags their wives, from their homes to the mill and the factory. It snatches their children from the playgrounds and schools and grinds the slender bodies and unformed minds into cold dollers. It wantonly disfigures, maims and kills hundreds of thousands of workingmen annually in mines, on railroads and in factories. It drives millions of workers into the ranks of the unemployed and forces large numbers of them into beggary, vagrancy and all forms of crime and vice.

To maintain their rule over fellow men, the capitalists must keep in their pay all organs of the public conscience. They control the dominating parties, and, through them, the elected public officials. They select our executives, bribe our legislatures and corrupt our courts of justice. They own and censor the press. They sway our educational institutions. They own the nation politically and intellectually just as they own it industrially.

The struggle between wage-workers and capitalists grows ever fiercer, and has become the only vital issue before the people. The wage working class, therefore, has the most vital and direct interest in abolishing the capitalist. But in abolishing the present system, the workingmen will free not only their own class, but also all other classes of modern society: The small farmer, who is to-day exploited by large capital more indirectly but not less effectively than is the wage laborer; the small manufacturer and trader, who is engaged in the all-conquering power of concentrated capital; and even the capitalist himself who is the slave of wealth, rather than its master. The struggle of the working class against the capitalist class, while it is a class struggle, is thus at the same time a struggle for the abolition of all classes and class privileges.

The private ownership of the land and means of production used for exploitation is the rock upon which class rule is built; political government is its indispensable instrument. The wage-workers cannot be freed from exploitation without conquering the political power and substituting collective and democratic administration for private ownership of the land and the means of production used for exploitation.

The basis for such transformation is rapidly developing within the very bosom of present capitalist society. The factory system, with its immense machinery and minute division of labor, is rapidly destroying all vestiges of individual production in manufacture. Modern production is already very largely a collective and social process, while the great trusts and monopolies which have sprung up in recent years have had the effect of organising the work and management of some of our main industries on a national scale, and fitting them for national use and operation.

In the struggle for freedom the interests of the workers of all nations are identical. The struggle is not only national, but international. It embraces the world and will be carried to ultimate victory by the united workers of the world.

To unite the workers of the nation and their allies and sympathisers of all other classes to this end, is the mission of the Socialist. In this battle for freedom the Socialist movement does not strive to substitute working class rule for capitalist rule, but by working class victory to free all humanity from class rule and to realise the international brotherhood of man.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

At an election meeting at Bondi.

Mr. Wade: "What does the Coercion Act spell after all?"

A loud voice: "L-E-G-I-S-L-A-T-I-O-N-S."

Glittering Vulgarity.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

ONE night recently the Snobocracy of Sydney met to dance under the auspices of the Fresh Air League. The F.A.L. exists to raise funds to send into the country the children of the wage-workers, who are too poor to provide their little ones with fresh air because the F.A.L. class commander so much of the wealth the wage-workers' labor creates. The Lady Mayoress "hopes to raise £500 from the Fresh Air League Ball," the papers told us. And then we read of how the Lady Mayoress had appeared at the ball with her portly and well-nourished person adorned with 14 brooches, 15 rings, 1 tiara, 1 collar, 1 necklace, 4 bracelets, 2 ear-rings, 1 corselet, 1 large bag and chate-laine of solid gold. In the jewellery settings were 1000 pearls, 2332 diamonds, and 75 emeralds. A Sydney paper, said to be closely related to the Tobacco Trust, printed a most unseemly picture of an exceedingly fat pair of arms, with the flesh of them threatening to submerge the glittering jewels affixed to them. This pair of arms was labelled as being the property of the Lady Mayoress. The Lady Mayoress's jewels were valued at more than £75,000! And these were other "ladies" there who wore gold and diamonds and rubies, and pearls and mixed gems, and other shining contraptions; and these along with the Lady Mayoress's exhibition brought the total value of the jewellery worn by the females up to ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS. The males only flaunted about £4,500 worth of barbaric adornment. The daily press reported that the females were so distrustful of their male friends that they didn't dare to dance. They "spent the evening . . . in furtively counting their numerous rings and brooches and bracelets and pendants, and wondering whether any wicked man had got away with one," says the *Sun*, "fervently looking backward over their shoulders to see if anyone was lurking about among the palms and decorations with fell intent." Detectives disguised as guests mingled with the dancers to keep an eye on the gentlemen of the upper class; they were armed with loaded revolvers, although, as the *Sun* has remarked, they were so carefully got up, padded, and all that sort of thing, that "you could not even see the little bulge over the hip pocket which denoted the presence of the revolver." Many other detectives were in the galleries, a squad of police patrolled round and round the hall outside, and everybody who entered the magic circle of the ball-room was closely watched.

The Lady Mayoress hoped to raise £500 for fresh air for the city-cramped children of the workers!

And the Lady Mayoress had £75,000 worth of jewellery on her person!

And the Lady Mayoress had one hair ornament which alone cost more than Jack Johnson got for belting Jeffries.

And the Lady Mayoress had rings on her fingers and "bells on her toes."

And four ladies wore jewellery to the value of £120,000!

And they hoped to raise £500 to provide fresh air for the children of the poor!

And next day the Lady Mayoress's Lord Mayor went out and inspected the kennels of the poor Chippendale way, and condescendingly said some of them weren't fit for dogs to live in.

But the Lady Mayoress's Lord Mayor forgot to say that the honest workers have got to live in kennels that are not fit for dogs, and their children can't get fresh air because the Lord Mayor's class is economically a burglar class which makes off with most of the wealth produced by the honest working class, and because the Lord Mayor's Lady Mayoress and the other ladies must wear jewellery to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

When the workers awoken to a consciousness of their own position, such glaring, glittering insults as the Fresh Air League Ball will be neither necessary nor tolerated.

Coercionist Wade falls back on his fellow conspirator Hughes and Labor-leader Holman for justification for the jailing of Peter Bowling. He told his Bondi audience that "such leading men as Mr. Hughes and Mr. Holman denounced Bowling as the greatest enemy to the State, and not a single Labor member could be found to say a word in his defence." One little word will appropriately answer the leg-ironer's jibe: "Rats!"

Mr. Holman says he never calumniated a man in his life. Peter Bowling doesn't think so.

King O'Malley says there will be little use in sending millions on a military force if we don't have uniform railway gauges. Let us have the uniform gauges if Mr. O'Malley's soul yearns for them; but an honest conscientious working class party wouldn't make its head ache with the thought of millions to be raised and spent for murder.

Through Prison Bars.

An Interview with Peter Bowling.

BY H.E.H.

IN accordance with the Party's decision, I left Sydney by Friday evening's mail train, accompanied by Mrs. Bowling and my own little namesake, Harry E. Bowling, to chat for a brief regulation space with the man whose name rings from the centre to the sea-board of Australia in these days of political strenuousness. As the train whirled away through the night, and conversation in the compartment eased down the idea that predominated in my mind was how Peter Bowling was then lying in a chill prison cell—for having been brave enough and honest enough to do the right thing—and how Labor Party men, with deeper bloodstains on their hands than Pilate had when he turned the Nazarene agitator over to the howling Jews for crucifixion, were mounting to place, to power, to pay, on a ladder constructed out of the wrongs done to Peter Bowling. Betrayers! Liars! Hypocrites! They joined hands with Wade to hound Peter Bowling down, and now they seek to profit by the results of their own traitorous conduct. But of this Peter Bowling will have much to say when he walks forth a free man once more. There are "Labor" men who dread the coming of that day. Is it necessary to name them?

We reached Goulburn at about 1.30 a.m. Saturday. Cold! How our teeth chattered as we drove up from the station. There was frost in the air.

At 10.30 a.m. we were driving towards the jail at North Goulburn, with its ugly low walls, and its forbidding iron gates and menacing watch-towers.

The officials were all courteous, and showed Mrs. Bowling every consideration. All the formalities had to be gone through. What were our names? Where did we live? and all the rest of it. Mrs. Bowling had a special permit to see her husband in a private room. The permit did not include the writer; and it looked as if there was a chance of my not seeing Mr. Bowling, after all. The Jail Governor holds the key to every such problem, however; and while Mrs. Bowling had the satisfaction of an interview in a comfortable room, I had to wait, and have my chat in the regulation way.

Inside the huge iron gates there were flower-beds artistically laid out, and gravelled walks neatly kept; and the flowers which had suffered sadly from the depredations of the nightly frosts, were not unlike the human wrecks and derelicts flung into that hell of misery to expiate not so much their own sins as the sins of Capitalist Society. The flowers were blackened and frost-bitten everywhere; the humans slouched along in the hideous prison garb, the coarse, thick, ill-fitting Eton jackets with the white splotch and the conspicuous and humiliating black figures devoting the number by which the human slave is known, the baggy trousers, and cabbage tree hat! As they passed through at intervals, followed by warders armed with repeating rifles and revolvers, I turned my eyes in another direction. One of the inflictions of jail life is the civilian who finds something to gloat over while gazing upon the gyves of the jail victim. One turned his head as he passed through. "Hello, Harry!" he said softly. I wondered who he was; but the prison garb, and the short, stubby beard makes most men unrecognisable.

"Call No. 109!" I heard the Governor say. It reminded me of other days when I often heard the order: "Call No. 27." So Peter's number is 109—this much I learned. With mingled feelings I waited at the hideous little window, and every sense rebelled against the degradation and the savagery of a system that employs such contrivances. Imagine a row of box-like affairs, with iron bars placed closely together in the aperture that might otherwise make a window, and wire netting over the bars, and a rail to keep the visitor from approaching too closely to either the bars or the wire netting. (History doesn't state whether the latter commodity came from the consignment Cartwrights, Wade, and Co. stole from the Federal authorities.)

Suddenly the well-known features of the Miners' President appeared on the other side of the wire netting. There was no chance of a hand-grip—and at a time like that you do feel that you want to clasp hands with a man who can cheerfully do the right, and "strip to his soul," as some one has written, and stand up to the consequence with the flame of his manhood's defiance burning in his eyes.

How did he look? Healthy, cheerful, strong! A trifle paler, perhaps, than when we knew him outside; but then the sun doesn't always shine on Capitalism's prisoners of war. Peter Bowling's isn't the nature to collapse under the force of Wade's criminality. I never knew till then how much it was possible to bitterly hate an evil-doer, as at that moment, looking at the prison-garbed figure of Peter Bowling, I felt I hated the boss coercionist of N.S.W. But whether my

hatred was greater for Wade, or for the cowardly betrayers, the liars and slanderers, who helped Wade, I really couldn't say.

We chatted through the bars and the wire netting. Oh, no; I didn't tell him everything I wanted to tell him. There on my left was the Jail Governor, genial enough and courteous enough, but neither honest nor courteous enough to consent to the magnificent breach of bastille regulations I was prepared to commit. I told Mr. Bowling what I could—gave him the many messages of love and comradeship and admiration with which I had been entrusted; explained what we purposed doing on his release; and gathered much from a general conversation as to the future. The time to leave came quickly.

As we said good-bye through the bars and the wire netting, he gave me fraternal messages for the Socialists, coal-lumpers, and all who stood uncompromisingly for the Social Revolution.

Had the opportunity been there, he would have given me, I am sure, messages of hatred and denunciation for those who wrecked the coal strike, those who played the Judas game so infamously as soon as their friend Wade had turned the prison key on him.

When Peter Bowling returns to freedom, however, he will bring those messages with him. Then the workers will learn some things, and the men who sit in secret consultation with Wade, and the men who uttered glib slanders from the coward's castle which Parliamentary Privilege builds for them, and the men who traitorously led the Miners' Federation into the coils of the capitalistic Industrial Court, will be dealt with as the nature of their infamy demands.

When Peter Bowling is released the workers of Goulburn will give him a monster welcome. The following evening, the Socialists and Sydney workers will tender him such a welcoming demonstration (probably in the Protestant Hall) as few men have ever received on coming out of a State prison. And, of course, a greater welcome will await him at Newcastle. Already the miners of New Zealand have decided to invite him to pay a visit to their country, and Mrs. Bowling is to go also as the guest of union. We want the workers of Sydney to keep the Sydney welcome in view, and to advertise it in the widest manner possible.

When will Peter Bowling be released? Wade and Co. say not till February. Mr. Gowen and Co. say they'll release him as soon as they come into power. Peter will make an excellent political advertisement. Their most prominent men cheerfully helped the coercionist Wade to put him in jail, and their party as a whole positively refused to make any serious move in Parliament to compel his release, and most of them have lied about him and vilified him—but they don't hesitate to make use of his case to win office. So, if Wade persists in keeping the strike leader in jail, and if McGowen lives up to his political advertisement scheme, Mr. Bowling will be free early in November. But this writer has a shrewd suspicion that Wade means to play different cards. He knows that certain Labor Party men dread Peter Bowling's release; he knows that as a matter of principle Peter Bowling couldn't support the Labor Party (pledged equally with Wade's own party to put the workers in jail if they strike); and so, while he fears Peter Bowling free, he knows the Labor Party also fears him. It is like two contending thieves, who both dread the arrival of the owner of the goods, and each of whom hopes that when the owner does arrive he will fix the offence on the other fellow.

It is, therefore, quite possible that Wade will release Peter Bowling before polling day but after nomination day.

An incident (which for obvious reasons I will not particularize) riveted my attention the moment I met Mr. Bowling, and awakened my suspicion that he will be a free man before Mr. McGowen mounts the drivers' box of the parliamentary hearse in which Capitalism carts Labor's hopes and ambitions to the cemetery of Opportunism.

The clanging of doors and jangling of keys were in my ears as we stepped into the daylight once more. Swinburn's lines seemed written across the sunshine:

The locks shall burst asunder,
The hinges shrieking spin,
When Time, whose hand is thunder,
Lays hand upon the pin.

The afternoon was spent in making arrangements for the evening meeting. Labor member Beely was also advertised to speak that night, and eventually it was arranged that the Socialist meeting should be held first, the Labor Party's meeting starting at 9 o'clock.

The White Horse Hotel balcony was kindly placed at our disposal. The Labor people occupied a balcony some 300 yards along the street.

A fine crowd attended the Socialist meeting. Mr. Mullancy presided, and for an hour I was given the closest attention, without a hostile interjection. At the conclusion of the address, the following resolution was carried almost unanimously: "That this meeting of Goulburn workers indignantly protests against the continued unjust imprisonment of Mr. Peter Bowling, and demands

his immediate release." Mr. J. A. Gegg moved a vote of thanks, and a most successful meeting was brought to a close. This meeting, at which Mrs. Bowling and Mr. E. J. Bowling were present, was extensively reported in both local papers.

Mr. Beely's meeting was not nearly so successful. His audience numbered about one-half that of the Socialist meeting, and he was subjected to much heckling.

After the meeting we had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of friends, among them Mr. and Mrs. Christopher and Miss Stranaghan, members of the Victorian Socialist Party; and Sunday morning and afternoon was put in visiting.

On Sunday night, with comrade Christopher as chairman, we held a successful meeting in Auburn-street, the subject being "Revolutionary Socialism."

An ex-prisoner told me that he understood that Peter Bowling was writing a history of the strike. This, of course, could only be done with the consent of the prison authorities. If it is true, there should be something interesting to read as soon as it can be put into print.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

Or, The Dignity of Labor.

For it blood is the price of all good wealth,
Good wealth, we have paid it in full.

An engineer named Mitchell was badly scalded at Wollongong through the side of the condenser of the steamer Five Islands blowing out in the engine room.

James McPaul was employed driving a cart in a paddock at Canobelo, when a falling tree struck him, smashing his head to a pulp.

W. Smith, a store employee at Dapto, was seriously injured by a gas explosion on Saturday night.

While working the flying box at Barren Jack rock-lifting, John Naughton had one of his legs crushed between the machine and a rock.

John Devlin, 70, was found dead in a bedroom at Redfern. He had strangled himself.

A fireman named Brown fell a distance of 10 feet down the hold the steamer Morea, and was injured internally and about the head.

Frank Hulbert, employed at the new Zinc mill, Broken Hill, had his arm caught in some cogs connected with the machinery, and before he could be released the arm was torn nearly from the socket and terribly mangled.

George Beecham, working at the Government channel at Leiteville, Vic., was dragged into a large water hole into which his horse had backed, and drowned.

R. Duff, tramway employee, was knocked down by a tram at Waverley depot, sustaining concussion of the brain, scalp wounds, and shock.

T. Miles, miner, was struck by falling coal in Balmain colliery and severely injured.

J. B. Gleeson poisoned himself at Albert Park, Melbourne, with cyanide of potassium. Business troubles.

Eliza McKinnon, a miner's wife, who was subject to epileptic fits, was burnt to death at Murrumbidgee while her husband was at work.

William Sweeney, laborer, sustained concussion of the brain through being struck on the head by a falling brick, while working on a new Sydney building.

Walter Bower, craneman, was struck by a sling at Saxton and Binn's, Pyrmont. He received a compound fracture of the right leg.

George Hudson, a lad, who had been training a racehorse at Canberrga, was thrown and had his neck broken. His dead body was found on the road.

John Crabb was working on a sluice at Deepwater, when one of the poles broke, and he fell on an iron bolt, which went through his thigh, the bone protruding. He also had several ribs broken.

Answers to Correspondents.

REBEL, Nyngan.—Received. Thanks for kindly sentiments; also for donation.

G. A. Childers.—Thanks.

A.W.G.M., Sydney.—Thanks.

E.J.B., Mallaecota.—Copy received.

Thanks.

E.V.C., Broken Hill.—Sub. and copy received.

L.G., Day Dawn, W.A.—Sub., etc., received.

F.W., Adelaide.—Sorry can't find room.

Thanks for good wishes.

H.L.D., Sydney.—Next issue.

Replies to a number of other correspondents are unavoidably held over.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Downs—Walsh (chair), Riley, Wilson.

hand.

MARRIN PEARCE—Shade (chair), Walsh, Wilson.

GOLDSBOROUGH—Mrs. Harris (chair), Hocking, Riley.

The Evening Meetings will commence at 7.

Where Awards Fail.

Melbourne's Boot Factories and Sweat-shops.

BY A CLICKER.

Factory No. 2.

In this factory the men are on weekly wages. They comply with the law; but the unchecked system of pace-making makes them bigger scabs than the piece-workers of No. 1 Factory. The word "scab" one uses with reluctance; for, as Eugene V. Debs once said: "I know something of the conditions under which they toil, despair, and perish, and it seems to me that there is no star that sheds a ray of hope for them."

The men pay into the union, and this Abode of Slavery is classed as a Union Shop. The man who gets 1s per hour, of 48s per week, does 58 pairs of watertight—quoted in No. 1 at 18s to £1 per dozen. Hence, at log price, £4 8s. Subtract 48s, and 40s remains; and, thus, to the extent of 40s per week he scabs it on the union and the log and the law; at the same, he isn't guilty of any breach of the law. The law was made for the Boss, you see.

But, understand, all the men in this factory don't get 48s per week. Only the very fast—the speeders-up—receive that princely wage. The others work on permits, for from £1 10s upward. There may even be some who get less than £1 10s. The "permit" is a method by which the fool worker may scab on his fellows under the protection of the law; it is one of those loopholes which capitalist legislators always leave for their masters to crawl through.

In No. 1 and No. 2 factories the workers are defrauded to the same extent, only No. 1 takes a risk, while No. 2 is more scientific and does not "break the law."

Factory No. 3.

There are few places where the full log price is paid; but they are few, and far between. They comprise a very small percentage of the trade. One factory had a dispute a little while back with the employees over an extra for what they call "knocking down." The boss positively refused to pay the award rates, and got over the difficulty by putting the men back on weekly wages and speeding them up. This meant that they had to do a small task that generally totalled from 3s to 6s per week over their wages when reckoned up at log rates, and sometimes also reached up to 40s, as in the case of No. 2 Factory.

To be continued.

PRESS FUND.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	41	4	6
Per O. Jorgensen (Book 15)—			
H.D. 1s, Shewell 1s	0	2	0
F. A. Anderson	0	1	0
C. Hultchen	0	2	0
Garlish	0	0	9
A Friend	0	0	6
O. Martin	0	0	3
F. Theis	0	2	0
C. Livingside, sen.	0	1	0
G. Pohl	0	1	0
R. Wenzel	0	1	0
D. Severt, Adamstown	0	3	0
Friend of Socialists, Adamstown	0	7	0
L. Garbora, Day Dawn, W.A.	0	6	0

£12 13 0

Advanced as Loans.

Already acknowledged	6	0	0
Total	18	13	0

A misprint occurred in last week's acknowledgments. E. H. Kunze 1s, should have read: E. H. Kunze 5s.

THE PRESS FUND FAIR.

PRESENTS have been received for the above from the following comrades: Miss Maggie Dunker, 2 pin cushions, 7 sateen Dorothy bags, 4 hat-pin bottles, 1 hanging globe, Miss ————: Pair knitted baby's booties, 2 flowered and fancy-stitched side-board runners, Paul Pantano, 5 volumes valuable Socialist works, 2 pamphlets, J.D.: 12 cups and saucers, H. Diedrichs, 2s. C. Oertel, 8 dozen assorted aerated waters, M. Solomon, rolled gold watch, K. G. Duhamel, ink-staed and bottle.

The success or failure of the Fair depends upon you, comrades and sympathisers, and we ask you to ensure its success by sending presents. The paper we have struggled for years to bring into existence is now an accomplished fact. Let us keep it humming. Send your presen, and donations along at once.

F. W. HARRIS, Secretary.

International Socialist Club.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of Club members is called for THURSDAY NEXT, September 8, for the purpose of amending, rescinding, or adding to the rules. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

F. W. HARRIS, Secretary.

"Our" Tramways.

BY MAX.

The bureaucratic authorities who manage the Sydney tramways pursue the even tenor of their way unmindful of the complaints of the public, the grievances of their staff, or any other old thing, Divine or human.

Amidst the growls of dissatisfaction on every hand the burden and responsibility of officialdom, the guiding star of Revenue cheers them on their way. This beacon light, which flashes brightly every month, is to them the Alpha and Omega of all things. Because it spells Surplus Values for the International Capitalists who hold Australia and its railways and tramways in pawn.

The July returns are enough to make the hard heart of a departmental autocrat melt, for the revenue reports show that the working expenses of the tramway for this month are £40,192, and the receipts £97,243.

When we take into consideration the fact that several new tramlines were built (and are run at a loss) at the request of wealthy landowners and interested politicians, also the large salaries paid to useless officials, and the cheapness of fares and other circumstances, it seems surprising how such large profits can be realised.

How are these dividends made?

Clearly not from the public. These dividends, which are large enough to call forth the commendation of the money-lender, are extracted from the sweated employees.

The officials spend most of their time writing reports and intimidating their employees.

Whether the accommodation is insufficient and the staff overworked and underpaid, whether defective cars are sent on the road to the public danger, whether, incidentally, some of the drivers are killed through exposure to the weather, is of no consequence.

Officials maintain an attitude of indifference and secrecy, and revel in an abundance of red tape.

The discipline of the service must be maintained.

Law, did you say? What care they for law? Have they not broken the Award whenever convenient?

They care not for law, but they love rules and regulations.

Officials whisper among themselves:—

"Let us gather together so that we may increase the revenue. The public must be fooled. The rank and file must be made subservient; they must slave for their superior officers. We will oppress them with our espionage system. We will harass them with rules and regulations. We will worry them with red tape. We will intimidate them in our secret tribunals. If by some chance, in spite of all our rules, our spies, our red tape, our severe tests, and other means at our disposal to render the men subservient, an employee has the audacity to have any spirit in him, and does not conform strictly to departmental ideas, not only of duty, but in politics and religion, we will bring him before our autocratic tribunal. We will crush him. The welfare of the department and the interests of that officialdom, which is the favored instrument of the money-lords, demands it. We departmental officers cannot have it reported that men have looked insolently at the least amongst our spies. We have dealt severely with men for lesser crimes than this. We must stamp out this heresy. Order the delinquent to immediately attend our secret tribunal. We will give him a fair trial. Ha! Ha! The sort of trial the Inquisition gave Bruno! Tell the typewriter to write out the verdict: 'That So-and-So be dismissed the service!' 'Call our trusted stenographer to take down everything the villain says. Call in the villain so that we may vent our wrath on him. We will commit him to the scrap heap as mercifully as possible.'"

And so it is by such methods the autocratic regime establishes an official tyranny over the tramway men, who are thus browbeaten into a state of slavish subservience at the hands of officials.

That is the secret of the colossal revenue.

This department is under the patronage of Johnson of McMyler hoist fame. He professed to have the interest of the tramway men at heart. That was when he became a member of the Pocket Testament League. A few months later, at the time of the Newcastle coal strike, he showed his love for the tramway employees by forcing them to take their holidays without privileged passes. He further issued instructions that they must report themselves each day at their de-

pots in case they were required. This is Love!

They might have been required outside of the tram service, because it was seriously considered whether they might not be utilised as special constables during the strike. In any case, it is well to have the dogs chained to their kennels.

When the much-boomed Tramway Award (which was only a sop) was under consideration, the Chief Commissioner opposed an increase of wages on the ground that the privileged passes were a set-off against the low wages.

Judging by the numerous complaints, long hours and low pay appears to be the order of the day in the Railway Service.

Perhaps it is written so in Johnson's Testament. One never can tell. But one thing is certain, "Wowserism" is frequently used as a means to establish tyranny and sweating by officials all the world over.

Meanwhile, the railway and tramway unions are quarrelling, and there are religious bickerings amongst the employees of Johnson and Co.

As long as the employees allow themselves to be divided industrially and keep alive trivial prejudices, while the department weeds out all the best men, just so long will they be exploited in the interests of the Profit-makers, and humiliated and driven by officials, just so long will they remain the dupes of politicians who are all guided by "Revenue" possibilities.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

South Australia.

BY H.S.A.

As reported in "The International Socialist," the Attorney-General, Mr. Deeny, stated at Kadina recently that the present Government would earn a reputation as the Government that settled the most strikes. Present indications point to the fact that if the Government wishes to take advantage of them, it will have many opportunities in the near future of indulging its strike-breaking inclinations.

Last Thursday week 30 men employed mixing concrete at the Wallaroo Phosphate Co.'s works ceased work after the manager had refused to increase their wages from 7/- to 8/- per day. The following Saturday the manager offered the men an increase of 6d. per day, but this the men refused. The manager then agreed to discuss the matter on the following Monday. The conference was held, but negotiations failed, and the men are still on strike. There are 150 men employed in the works.

A meeting was held in the Waterside Workers' Hall, and was addressed by Mr. Winter, M.P. (who is a member of the U.L.U.), and believes in direct action when necessary, and those present decided to form a branch of the U.L.U. A letter and telegram was forwarded to the secretary of the U.L.U., advising how matters stood, and asking that an organiser should be sent to Wallaroo. The request was complied with, and the county organiser of the U.L.U. is now at Wallaroo.

The Adelaide branch of the A.S.E. has also notified the Employers' Federation, the Railway Department, and the Government workshops, that certain increases in wages must be given their members on and after September 1, otherwise they will cease work.

At a recent meeting of the Timber Yards and Sawmills' Employees' Union, it was stated that great dissatisfaction existed amongst the employees in the yards owing to non-compliance by the employers with the full terms agreed on when the men compromised a few weeks ago. Rumour hath it that there is every possibility of the men ceasing work before the Industrial Appeal Court makes the agreement binding. This is one of the strikes the Government recently "settled."

I have also heard that, although Mr. Simpson is such a generous, upright man, his employees are not exactly a happy family, and there is a possibility that the Conciliation Board won't conciliate.

The inquiry into the conduct of the Kerrieston foreman who caused the Geppes' Cross trouble took place on Tuesday last, but no risks were taken by the Government, as the inquiry was held by the Chief Engineer for Railways (Mr. Rutt), and the Commissioner for Railways, the Premier, and also other railway officials were present in the room. The representative of the U.L.U. (the president, Mr. Frank Lundie) was gagged, and not allowed to take any part, and so the inquiry was strictly fair—to the foreman.

When Mr. Lundie, representing the U.L.U., desired to put a question to a witness, he was promptly informed by the Premier, Mr. Verran, that he (Mr. Lundie) could be present, but could not take any part in the proceedings. Lundie informed the Premier that the U.L.U. did not send him there to act as a dummy, and he left the room, and one of the men who made the charges then conducted the case for the men. On Lundie leaving the room, the press reporters, who up to that stage had not been allowed in, were called into the room.

At the U.L.U. meeting on Wednesday evening, the action of the Premier was discussed, and a resolution condemning his action was carried, and a copy ordered to be sent to the Premier.

The directors of the Golden Gate mine near Angaston had men working for them for some weeks, but the men were unable to get the wages due to them, and repeated requests to the directors failed to bring forth the necessary cash. The directors quite overlooked the fact that the men were members of that meddling body the U.L.U., and so they were somewhat startled when the employees ceased work, and a demand was made by the U.L.U. for the immediate payment of the money. As is usual when you let the other fellow know that you mean business, the money was immediately paid, and also a fiver to cover expenses incurred by the union.

How's this, brother editor, after reading the above, Mr. H. Chesson, Labor M.P., speaking at a social held by the Gasworks Employees' Union on Wednesday last, said: "Where the employers and employees were working together amicably, it had proved to be for the general good of all concerned. He was glad to say that members of the union and their employers were on good terms, and this was as it should be."

Extract from Parliamentary report in the "Daily Herald," 19/8/10:—"Then, why did the Minister for Agriculture say so," retorted Mr. Butler. "Why didn't he tell the truth?" He tells it when it suits. "Like you," cried the Premier. Of course, certain fusionists will no doubt jump at the conclusion that the Premier was not joking at all, but this will not worry the Premier. Comment unnecessary.

At the Trades and Labor Council meeting on Friday last, the president reported that he and another delegate had held a meeting of the girls employed by the Joirenside Woollen Mills, and he gave a detailed report of the girls' grievances, and the shameful conditions that the employees were working under. The report disclosed that the conditions that existed were of the most disgracefully shameful character, so bad in some cases that the girls would only disclose them to women-folk, and the womenfolk could not disclose them to married men. There were only two sanitary conveniences for 70 girls; there was not the necessary protection afforded to the employees from accidents with machinery, and girls of tender ages (who, in the opinion of the president, should be at school) were employed to look after machinery, and accidents frequently occurred. There is in this State an inspector and an inspectress of factories. But all's well, brother; we have a Labor Government in power, and "give them a chance."

A resolution was moved in the T. and L. Council on Friday night, condemning the strike-breaking that occurred at Simpson's, and the resolution was only lost by five votes.

During the discussion the secretary of the Council, Mr. Merry, said that "From the attitude Mr. Clarke had adopted, they would have to see whether it was right for his union to remain affiliated with the Council. The Council stood for conciliation and arbitration, and it seemed as if the U.L.U., which Mr. Clarke represented, was acting contrary to that spirit." Poor old chaps, as soon as one mentions direct action, it has the same effect on Merry that a red flag has on a bull. Incidentally, it may be interesting to know that Mr. Merry is a member of the Conciliation Board.

The party is still doing good work. We hold two economic classes weekly, and a speakers' class. Our meeting at the Port lapsed on Saturday night on account of inclement weather. We held the meeting in Grote-street as usual, and although the weather was damp and unpleasant, quite a large audience attended. Good sales of literature and the papers were reported.

Another large audience attended our meeting in the Botanic Park on Sunday afternoon, when Comrade Clarke trenchantly criticised the wail of the editor of the "Daily Herald" in last Monday's issue. Comrades Bryan and Spillman also spoke.

Administrative Council.

At last week's meeting of the Administrative Council, correspondence was received from the Sydney Branch, intimating rejection of Old Age Pensions Conference resolution, and demanding ballot on resolution, re trade unions being eligible to form branches. Resolved that same be placed on ballot paper with item challenged by Victoria.

Correspondence was received from R. Hogg, New Zealand, re special conference between N.Z. and Australia.

Sydney Jottings.

BY F.J.R.

Good floor, large crowd, ideal music, were the features of the social held in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening, of last week. Theo. Hansen made a capable M.C. The committee, Messrs. Johns, Slade, Anderson, and Dunn worked energetically and made the catering a success. Dancing was indulged in till midnight.

Denford and Riley essayed to speak at the Markets on Saturday evening. Denford opened and drew a large crowd. Riley followed, and after speaking for about half-an-hour the police interfered and prevented the meeting from being continued. Riley asked why were they stopped when the Salvation Army was allowed to continue their meeting. This query elicited no answer.

The Domain meeting maintained its reputation as usual, a large crowd congregating to hear the various speakers. Feldhusen was chairman. Wilson gave a resume of Kropotkin's Mutual Aid. Mrs. Harris spoke on the class war. Riley's subject was the Socialist movement and its development.

On Sunday evening Slade and Wilson addressed a large crowd at Martin Place.

At the Goulburn-street meeting the speakers were Harris, chair; Denford, who pointed out the fallacy of the Wages Board system; and Riley.

Friday evening the usual Club social passed off successfully, G. Brown proving a capable M.C.

Broken Hill.

The latest sensational happening in Broken Hill is the bread war. A few weeks ago a master baker, backed by a large firm (Donaldson and Son), decided to lower the price of bread below the cost of production—apparently to crush the Combined Union's co-operative bakery. The other master bakers followed, and lowered the price from 4d to 2½d a loaf at the shops and 3d delivery. Consumers went to the nearest shops to get their bread cheaper. The Combined Unions were forced into the war. As the co-operative ventures have not the capital behind them that the masters have, things were in a serious way. The Bakers' and Bread Carters' Unions held a meeting and decided to take definite action. A strike was averted by the co-operative committee meeting the employers and fixing the price of bread for Broken Hill, subject to the market price of flour. With the exception of Nelson and Son, all the master bakers fell in line. Backed by Donaldson's, Nelson will continue to cut the prices, and the union intends calling out the firm's employees.

A very large mass meeting of unionists was held in the Trades Hall last Sunday to receive balance sheets and reports of managers of co-operative ventures. After a long discussion, the meeting decided to rally to the ventures, and a resolution was carried pledging the unionists to support the co-operative ventures. These ventures are an abortion on unionism, sacrificing principle and militancy for commercialism. When the unionists of the Barrier should be spending their time solidifying their forces they are wasting their time on these co-operative ventures.

The Unions here are more antiated than ever before. Some of the small unions are going to cite cases before Wade's Industrial Disputes Court, and the Engine-drivers before the Federal Arbitration Court. As for the A.M.A., they are going to fight on their own. A committee was appointed recently to draw a code of wages, hours, etc. to submit to members, and I believe that the committee has unanimously decided on reduction of hours; also I think the A.M.A. will take a militant stand and refuse to go to the court.—22.8.10.

The corruption escaping at present indicates that capitalism has come to a head and been punctured.

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By "Dogmatist."

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H. E. HOLLAND, Gen. Sec. AUG. BORAX, Gen. Treas.

DARWINISM

DISCUSSED BY MONKEYS.

A TRIBE of monkeys met one day
To settle some disputes,
That they had had among themselves,
Concerning men and brutes;
And as I chanced that way,
I felt an inclination
To hear what they had to say,
And got an invitation

To take a seat among the rest,
And make myself at home;
Among my old relations,
That in the forest roam.
Said I to one, "There's some mistake
Explain it if you can—
Do you me for a monkey take?
Or call yourself a man?"

Says he, "My friend, there's no mistake,
As far as we're concerned,
The question arose among you men,
And men that you call learned;
And this is why we meet to-day
To talk the matter o'er;
So hear what we have to say,
And do not feel so sore.

I took a seat, and must confess
I felt a little queer,
To know what monkeys had to say
Regarding man's career;
And what I saw and heard them say
I'll tell in verse or prose;
I'll let the muses settle that,
No matter how it goes.

But let it be in verse or prose
I'll tell the truth the same,
And if there's ought to give offence,
You'll not have me to blame.
'Tis always best to tell the truth
No matter who it hits,
You need not don the fool's cap on
Unless you find it fits.

It seems that monkeys all had heard
Of Darwin's famous plan,
That from their ancient sires had sprung
The present race of man.
They sent a delegation out,
To learn more of this race,
And found a slight resemblance,
But only in the face.

One monkey rose, and told the rest,
What he had learned of men;
And if my friends all think it best,
I'll tell it o'er again.
Says he: "I've travelled far and wide;
I've seen wise men and fools;
I've seen them in their churches pray,
And seen them in their schools."

"I've seen them drink, and swear and fight
And tear each other's eyes,
I've heard them tell for solemn truth,
The most blasphemous lies.
I've seen men do a thousand things
Too foolish to be told,
And yet they claim to be as wise,
As Solomon of old.

"In fact old Solomon himself,
Did many a foolish thing;
But people called him very wise
Because he was a king.
A king, though he be born a fool,
Or stupid as an ass,
Will find his most obedient tools
Among the working class.

"The working men will pass resolves
To put oppression down,
Yet crawl and cringe before the king,
Because he wears a crown.
They toil and sweat from morn till night
Until they fill their graves,
And feed a pack of hungry drones,
Who use them as their slaves."

Another monkey took the floor,
And thus addressed the crowd:
"If Darwin's story be correct,
You need not feel so proud
To learn that men were monkeys once;
They act like willing asses,
Who carry burdens all their lives
As do the working classes.

"Disgusted with the rule of kings
And with the cringing tools;
I went to free America
Where boasting freedom rules;
'Tis where Yankee doodles fought and
bled
To free themselves from kings;
I found that their degenerate sons,
Were ruled by thieves and rings.

"When knaves and thieves get up a fight
To settle their disputes,
The working men will rush pell-mell,
And play the human brutes;
The knaves will then divide the gold,
The fools divide the lead;
And then they shoot each other down,
Till half the fools are dead.

"The other half will then go home,
And work like willing slaves,
To help to pay the war debt off,
Then lie in pauper graves.
When working men were in the field,
And fighting brave and bold,
The money thieves, like fiends of hell,
Were gambling in the gold.

"Men boast of their religion,
And boast of their free schools;
If you monkeys acted like them,
They'd say that you were fools.
And I would say the same myself,
In fact, I'd hide my face,
If you should ever act like men
I'd cease to own my race.

"I feel ashamed to tell you how
The working men will act;
I scarcely could believe myself,
Until I proved the fact.
They spin, weave and make fine things
For lazy drones to wear,
They plough and sow, reap and mow,
And get the smallest share.

"They filled the land with wealth,
With scarcely room for more,
And drones will take and pile it up,
And keep it all in store.
The working men will stand and gaze,
And raise their silly cry:
Because we have produced so much,
We've got to starve and die.

"While those who neither toil nor spin
Have plenty and to spare,
They seem to claim a lawful right
To other people's share.
The working men are ruled by knaves
And by the noses led,
And then are put in pauper's graves
As soon as they are dead.

"When providence is kind to us,
And sends abundant fruits,
We don't go round and cry 'hard times'
As do the human brutes.
We go to work, as monkeys should,
And gather in our store,
Each monkey gets what he has earned,
And does not ask for more.

"But men have quite reversed our plan,
They plunder one another;
Each one stealing all he can
And brother robbing brother.
And then they go to church and pray
For God to give them grace;
If not, O Lord, then give us gold,
We'll take it in its place."

I felt that I was out of place
In such a crowd as that,
But knowing that they told the truth,
I felt a little flat.
The meeting then adjourned *sine die*,
And I was left behind,
To ponder o'er what I had heard
About the human kind.

—Selected.

War and Militarism.

From a Socialist Standpoint.

BY THE SLAVE.

For years men have preached and prayed for the advent of universal peace. It has been claimed to be the special mission of the Church, as the representative of the Prince of Peace, to actively strive to inaugurate such a condition that war would be impossible. But after 2,000 years the great Christian lands are becoming more and more armed camps. Most of the time the great nations are at one another's throats, or are actively engaged in subjugating the smaller peoples. The Christian Church has become the well-paid and trusted handmaid of the Capitalist Class. She has become, together with rum and the bayonet, the most potential weapon the modern ruling classes possess for opening up fresh fields for commercial exploitation. As a propagandist of peace, the church has signally failed. In recent years, however, there have arisen a host of noble men of marked ability, not only essayists, but writers in the realms of fiction, like Tolstoi and Zola, who have achieved tremendous success in impressing upon the conscience of the thoughtful the inherent criminality, as well as the frightful waste-fulness, of war. These men with clarion tongue have indicated the salient waste and moral degradation that must attend every country cursed with the mephitic slough of militarism.

But it has remained to the Socialists of every country to put forth an active educational propaganda of peace that has startled every monarch, every beneficiary of privilege and class rule, and every reactionary in political, business, and religious life who is at heart a foe to the teachings of the Prince of Peace and the enemy of democracy.

Socialists hold that all men, irre-

spective of their creed, or color, are brothers, that war is foul capitalism's foulest crime. They urge that the killing of men, disguise it as you may, is murder, and that every modern war is fought purely for the economic advantage of the master class. They insist that the enormous waste of wealth involved in the maintenance of military and naval forces, represents a criminal waste, which, if applied to popular education of the young, and the furtherance of just conditions whereby every man might have an opportunity to be protected in the realisation of that which he produced would soon change the face of society and do much towards transforming the social hell of to-day into a fraternal heaven. They maintain that all military institutions have been unremittingly utilised to impose crushing burdens upon common people, to foster the financial interests of the few to defeat the democratic aspirations of the people, and that they have augmented the powers of the ruling classes by the creation of a third class dependent upon privilege for wealth and power. To friends of peace the rise in importance and the growing sense of brotherhood and unity which mark the wealth creators of the various nations are fraught with greater promise than anything else above the political horizon, for while the reactionaries and militarists are busily striving to feed the savage passions by demanding an extension of military drill, the workers are quietly preparing to prevent the reactionaries from being able to perpetrate the measureless crime of war by a vigorous and unceasing denunciation of the twin curses, Militarism and Patriotism.

As soon as the public sentiment in civilised lands shall be educated up to that degree of wisdom and sanity wherein the people shall demand that war shall cease, that international disputes shall be settled by international arbitration, this great burden of waste which is now oppressing the masses in every one of the great so-called Christian lands will be lifted from the shoulders of the people, and the great fostering cause of racial and national hatreds and the most fruitful influence in dehumanising, brutalising, and stimulating the murder spirit among the people of the earth will be removed. Jaures has given the keynote of the true Socialist position in modern militarism when he said, "The duty of Socialists as soon as danger of war appears is very plain. The International Labor Association stands before all else as a permanent and universal propaganda of peace. When ambition or desire of conquest arises in the state and suggests the probability of war, the international proletariat must rise as one man and make it plain to the government of a capitalist state that the laboring man will have no slaughter."

Bernard Shawisms.

Education.

When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman.

Royalty.

Kings are not born: they are made by artificial hallucination.
The Court is the servant's hall of the sovereign.
Vulgarity in a king flatters the majority of the nation.

The flunkeyism propagated by the throne is the price we pay for its political convenience.

Democracy.

If the lesser mind could measure the greater as a footrule can measure a pyramid, there would be finality in universal suffrage. As it is, the political problem remains unsolved.

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

Under the Labor Party's conscription scheme, boys will have to start to learn the murder business at 12 years of age.

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